A

Satyrick Poem

AGAINST

Thoſe Mercenary WRETCHES,

AND

Troublers of *Englands* Tranquility,

THE

AUTHORS

OF

HERACLITUS

AND

OBSERVATOR.

Infamous for their

Scribling throughout *England*.

By *PHILOPATRIS*.

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AUTHORS

A SATYR ON HERACLITUS And the OBSERVATOR.

I'LL *Towzer* ſing, read it who liſt;
A Blade as true as ever kiſt
The ſweet inchanting Lips of any
Engliſh *Jug*, or Iriſh *Jenny*:
Or did enjoy the ſweet Embraces
Of buxham Girls with pretty Faces;
Or ere was bleſt with *Venus* ſport;
Or did all night with Doxie ſnort.

He ſo much loves the Female Sex,
That yet his Soul did never vex
For ſpending all his Small Eſtate
On thoſe leud Girls that Vertue hate.
The Preſs it was his Drudge and Slave,
Whereof, at will, he'd Money have.
But all the Gain which it brought in,
He deudly laviſht out in ſin.
At laſt he was a Jeaſt-aſs made,
Wherein he drove a Bedlam-trade.
But ſince he had ſo little Grace,
His Worſhip ſoon did loſe his Place.
Alas, quoth he, I'm quite undone,
And have nought left but my old Gun!
Therefore I'll employ my head
To Write, and Print, and Rail for Bread;
Whereby I'll both obtain my end,
And ſerve the Pope, my deareſt Friend:
So I again ſhall be in Geers,
When I have paid my Whores Arrears.
The Pope, the D----- and Broom I'll get
Advanced by my pregnant Wit.
I will endeavour, might and main,
To ſham the Plot yet once again;
Or elſe I'll bring it to a Riddle,
By playing well on my Bumfiddle.
Againſt Diſſenters, whom I hate,
Great Jealouſies I will create.

To Church of *England*-men I will
Seem a Friend, yet I will ſtill,
As formerly, remain their Foe,
Whereby I'll work their Overthrow.
And now he hopes in Bloud to wade,
By virtue of his Maſquerade.
But ſtill there's ſome he ſtands in fear of,
If they by chance ſhould hap to hear of
His *Cit and Bumkin*, and the others
That in the world have made ſuch pothers,
They ſhould think fit, in Term *Hillary*,
To ſend him guarded to the Pillory.
Therefore thought it beſt to appeaſe 'em,
With ſweeteſt words that ſure would pleaſe 'em.
Auguſt Aſſembly he them call'd,
Tho' loud before the Whelp had baul'd
And bark'd againſt their juſt Proceeding,
When they'd have lain the Plot a bleeding.
But now he ſurely thought to coax
Theſe ſilly Heretical Folks:
But *Roger* ſeeing 'twas not ſo,
He thought it beſt for him to go,
And fairly from them run away,
To ſave his Neck or Ears, they ſay.
At which he's mad, and in a fume
Reſolves to ſee the bleſſed *Rome*:
Whither he's gone, you know the cauſe,
And there's reſerv'd with great applauſe,

By

By a great man, they call him Pope,
As well as he deſerves a Rope:
To whom he tells a mournful Ditty,
Which was, though ſad, yet wiſe and witty,
Of the great ſervice he had wrought,
Whereby himſelf's to miſ'ry brought:
But here he hopes for ſuch relief
As will allay his pain and grief.
The good old man could not forbear
The ſhedding Tear, as ſome do ſwear.
Which having done, he gravely ſaid,
For all thoſe things you ſhall be paid
Both in this world and Heaven too,
If one thing more for us you'll do.
Then prethy, Son, return again
To *England*; for I'll tell thee plain,
I fain would have thee work Revenge;
At Proteſtants have t'other Swinge.
My Bleſſing too I will beſtow,
If that you now will go: and ſo
I'll command the Fates attend ye,
To *England* they ſhall ſafely ſend ye.
With that he made with Cap in hand, Sir,
Unto the Pope this modeſt Anſwer:
Father, I'd have you know that I,
If you command, with ſpeed will flie.
Than the ſwift Wings of *Boreas* blaſt
I now will make more ſpeed and haſt.

Where-

Wherefore with ſpeed he takes his way
Direſtly to Cathedral-bay ;
Where for his Voyage he Took Ship,
A Man of War, not a ſmall Skip.
And as he ſails, devoutly prays
For Bleſſing on his murderous ways :
O Fortune, now I pray be kind,
And let me have a proſperous Wind.
Theſe Rogues I then will quite deſtroy,
And neither leave nor Man nor Boy ;
But yet the Women I will ſpare,
For them I greatly love, I'll ſwear.
On Sea they ſail as ſwift as Swallows,
And plow the Waves as men do Fallows.
And in leſs time than you can think,
Or drinking down a draught of Drink,
The Pope had ordered ſo the matter,
That *Towzer* was blown o're the Water.
In *London*, the firſt thing he ſees
Is Proteſtants, like ſwarms of Bees.
O ho, quoth he, I'll be among ye ;
I'll ſwear I ſoundly will bedung ye.
But being worſted, ſtamps and ſtares,
Like Pope or Cardinal he ſwears :
And being mad, and fretting thus,
Away runs to *Heraclitus*.

This *Heraclitus*, men ſome tell,
A Monſter is, late made in Hell :

And

And fitted for to ſerve the Pope,
And ſave his Children from a Rope.
A Monſter he is in each part,
A Carcaſs foul, and a worſe Heart.
His Mouth doth laugh when's Eyes do weep;
A Myſtery 'tis profound and deep.
He'll ſpeak in Jeaſt and Earneſt too,
And both at once, as Papiſts do.
And more than this, he's ſuch a Fellow,
Can backward blow, like a Smiths Bellow,
A day, a week, a month together,
And by his farting bring foul weather:
Blow Parliaments and all things down,
And them and all Diſſenters drown.
Now *Towzer*'s ſure enough that he
Of Conqueſt ſure enough ſhall be;
And that the Scriblers wont be able
To ſtand againſt a blaſt ſo ſtable:
But Writing will be quite forborn
By them, as men that are forlorn.
And this he thinks agrees with Reaſon,
Since now 'tis *Heraclitus* ſeaſon:
Who is become the mighty King
Of all thoſe Blades can huff, and ding,
And whore, and drink, and curſe, and ſwear,
And blaſpheme too, without all fear.
He'll lie, I'll ſay't, with ſuch a Grace,
He's almoſt turn'd Truth out of place.

To this same King our *Towzer* goes,
And thus in flattering terms wooes:
Thou mighty King, whose potent sway,
The lawless Scriblers do obey;
Whose Nod the stoberneſt Whigs do dread,
Although they be in *Scotland* bred:
Thou whose imperious Empire reaches,
And to all parts of *England* streatches,
Hear poor *Towzer*'s Requeſt, and say,
Thou'lt do't; for I muſt have no Nay.
There are a few Tatter-de-malions,
The surly Rogues wont be *Italians:*
No, nor they wont accept of him
That in their bloud would make 'em swim.
And therefore if you'll undertake
To ruine them, then I will make
Your way to Honour and Renown,
And Wealth and Plenty shall you crown.
Nay, to encourage you the more,
The Tories they will you adore
For a great Wit, a man of Sence,
Againſt the Whigs the beſt Defence.
And more than this, I'll promiſe ye
Shall be aſſiſted too by me.
And truly you muſt know, my Pen
Doth guide inferiour Clergy-men.
Brave generous Soul, be not afraid,
All things shall be as I have laid!

For you muſt know I am no Doger,
But I am true and truſty *Roger*.
Heraclitus hearken'd to this Story
With no ſmall Pride, no little Glory,
To have a Jeaſt-aſs, gay and trim,
Come thus to beg a Bone of him.
But much more was he pleas'd, that he
Should promiſe him ſo large a Fee.
He liſtning ſtood, with's mouth wide gaping,
Like an old Hag when ſhe is yaping.
And you muſt know, with Cap in hand, Sir,
He thus returns a ready Anſwer:
Towzer, quoth he, my Thanks are real;
I hope in this we ſhall agree all:
For I do hate the Roughs as bad
As you, or any, or Pope our Dad.
Now therefore I the work will do,
And pleaſe my ſelf as well as you.
Pray ſay no more, the thing is done;
I'll ruine every Mothers Son:
I'll make 'em to all men appear
The worſt of men that ever were.
I Dirt enough on them will throw,
Some cannot chuſe but ſtick, you know.
Among them ſuch a ſtink I'll make,
As bad as comes from *Stygion* Lake:
Whereby he hopes to ſave the Paſh
By-ways that truly are but aſh;

By

By raiſing up a ſtrange new Devil,
That guilty is of far more Evil,
As he will tell you, than the old,
Which now is dead, laid out, and could.
And that he may perform the work,
He doth in ambuſcado lurk.
And ſometimes fight and ſometimes pray,
And thus unto the Saints they ſay:
O all you holy Martyrs dear,
That lately died, without all fear,
Upon the curſed Gallow-tree;
From whence you did to Heaven flee.
Caſt down an Eye of pity now
On thoſe that do you ſervice, vow;
And let us all preſerved be,
Our full deſires for to ſee;
And that we may at laſt be able
To plot the Plot into a Fable.
Pray blind the Eyes of Hereticks,
That they may not diſcern our Tricks;
And that we may delude them all
Into our fatal Snare to fall:
Or that we may at laſt divide 'em,
And then both ruine and deride 'em.
Have you not ſeen the raging Wave,
With hideous noiſes, roul and rave?
Or have you ſeen the bluſt'ring *Boreas*
Both huff and hector, rage and roar, as

He would make all before him bend,
Or elſe he'd them in pieces rend :
Or like when Rain, Lightning, and Thunder,
Threatens to rend the world aſunder.
Juſt with ſuch fury he doth fall
On thoſe he doth Diſſenters call.
Or have you ſeen how Bottle-ale
That's put up new, but opened ſtale,
When firſt the Cork and Bottle parts
The Liquor from the Bottle ſtarts ;
It bounces, foams, it froths, and flitters,
As tho 'twere troubled with the Squitters.
So when this Blade begins to vent
His Malice which ſo long was pent,
The Winds whirl'd out with ſuch a rattle,
As he had broke the Strings that twattle.
They huff and ding, hector and rage,
And threaten for to clear the Stage
Of all who are not of their mind,
And to the Papiſts wont be kind.
Through *England* they do ſwiftly wander ;
One *T*---- he is their chief Commander.
Who that he might perform the deed,
He undertook, with care and ſpeed,
Aſſociates unto himſelf ;
A mercenary ſneaking Elf,
A huffing Jack, and a great Railer ;
Some ſay his name is *Rend-all T*----

Now

Now *Heraclitus*, that he may
Parliament deſtroy and ſlay,
And rid the world of all Diſſenters
That will not quickly be Relenters,
Gainſt them makes a general Muſter
Of all he had, could blow or bluſter.
Damn'd lying Scandals, and ſuch things,
Which now in rank and file he brings;
And draws them up in warlike manner
Under the Ship which is their Banner.
Whence they march with clamorous noiſe,
Much like as when unruly boys
On *Holy-Thurſday* march about
Their Pariſh-limits to ſearch out;
And fight too with the like diſcretion,
Dealing their blows where's no tranſgreſſion.
The modeſt Parſon goes before;
The ſenſeleſs Boys, like Lions, roar,
With maſſie Clubs threatning to beat
Down all that in their way they meet.
So theſe accurſt infernal Fiends,
With helliſh Malice tear and rends
All that will not joyn Iſſue, and
For *Babyloniſh* Intereſt ſtand;
Endeavouring with might and main,
To bring in Popery again.
And ſince the Parliament would not
By any means to this be brought,

But would endeavour by a Bill,
The *Romans* Hope at once to kill;
They are the first he will beat down
Throughout both Country and Town:
Affirming things nere heard before,
That Parliaments should be no more
But little Fingers of the State,
And things that all men ought to hate:
That their Addresses humble brought
Unto the King's with Treason fraught;
And that whatever else they do,
Unless give Money,'s Treason too.
And next he doth resolve to run,
As to discharge from *Towzer*'s Gun,
With warlike force for to assault
Those that are guilty of no fault;
Unless it is a Crime to be
Constant and firm to Loyaltie:
And they forsooth must be made Traytors,
Because of Popery they're haters;
Adversaries to the Church and State,
Because they do Popish Plotters hate.
Thus Loyalty's transform'd to Treason
By men of little brains or reason:
Or rather men of small Religion,
Which they do use but like a Widgeon.
But yet of Loyalty much less,
Unless't be Treason in that dress.

And now to make their Party ſtronger,
And camp more wide by far and longer.
They do perſwade one *Aſhinton*,
Of *England*'s Church a real Son,
For to contrive a horrid thing,
Wherewith ſome time the Town did ring;
Which was their Creed and Pater-Noſter,
On Presbyter'ans for to ſoſter.
Nat. T----- they ſollicit to
Something on their behalf to do:
Who willingly, in hope of gain,
Doth preſently fall on amain,
And doth, inſtead of *Country News*,
Diſperſe falſe Stories to amuſe.
What matter is't, though falſe they ſwear,
'Twill make the curſed Whigs to ſtare.
Well done, quoth *Towzer*, very well;
I think there never came from Hell
Any that were more kind and true
Unto the Roman Cauſe, than you.
You do deſerve each man to be
Advanc'd unto ſome Dignitie.
Nay, I am ſure that you ſhall have
Whatever 'tis that you will crave,
If once we can this Northern Evil
Deſtroy, and ſend down to the Devil.
Unto which end, I think there's need
That I ſhould write again with ſpeed.

Me-

Methinks the work goes on apace;
I'll swear we will not bate an ace:
But them pursue, till Victory
Doth crown our great industery.
We must, like faithful Pioneers,
Prepare the way by scatt'ring fears
Amongst those silly sordid Sots,
That so our well-contriv'd Sham-plots
May follow and perfect the matter
Design'd, and them to pieces batter.
And thus this Blade again adventures
To fall upon the poor Dissenters
With fury, as when *Boreas* roars
From off the North or Eastern shores;
Or like when Bear berev'd of Whelp,
Her threatning out with rage doth yealp;
Or like a Lion hunger bitten,
That hath no Meat in two days eaten.
His Gun is once more furbished up;
And being charged up to the top
With Lyes and forged Narrations,
Which he calls *Observations*,
It is let flie with noise more loud
Than that which comes from Thunder-Cloud.
Thus *Roger* grows more fierce and surly,
And makes a greater Hurly-burly,
Than lately when he did appear
In's *Cit and Bumkin*, and such Gear.

And

And that he may not want for Stories,
Doth ſend unto his friends the Tories,
Entreating them by all that's dear,
That to his Cauſe they would adhere:
And if the Government chance to be
Spoken againſt by he or ſhe,
By Rogue or Raskal, Thief or Knave,
Or thoſe at doors that Alms do crave,
By Lunatick, by Fools, or Idiots,
That in their ſhallow brains have no guts,
Or by the Worſhippers of *Baccas*,
When they as drunken are and mad as
We ſometimes, when meet at yonder
Tavern by *Ludgate*, called *Wonder*;
Pray be ſo kind as in a Letter
Convey the News, or which is better,
Bring it your ſelf; and I'll be ſure
To lay't at the Fanaticks door.
And if by chance their mouths, for fear,
Are ſtopt, ſo that you cannot hear
Any ſuch thing; yet Guilt aſſures me
You'll meet with ſome that will abuſe me,
And call me Rogue, Raskal, and Traytor,
Becauſe in truth I am a hater
Of thoſe that truly love the King,
And fain would them to *Tiburn* bring:

Whereby our way would be laid open
For to bring in the baniſh'd Pope.
Which if you chance to hear, my Friends,
See that to me you quickly ſends;
And I as ſoon will have't in print,
Whereby the Villains I'll torment.
I'll ſay the Affront's not alone
To me, but alſo to the Throne;
And that the King is much abuſed,
When I by them am thus miſ-uſed.
Nay, I'll direct my Worſhips Order
Unto the new-made brisk Recorder.
Whereby I will command his care
In puniſhing of thoſe that dare
Be ſtill ſo bold as to be Loyal,
And Popiſh Plots will not deny all.
I will perſwade him they are ill men,
And would make nothing for to kill men,
If they can get a fit occaſion
Upon our lives to make Invaſion.
It's true, this is a horrid lie,
Which he doth know as well as I;
And therefore will diſpiſe my Letter:
Yet I thereby will be a getter.
For in my next Half-ſheet of Wit,
I will be ſure to inſert it.

And ſo though the Original
Do me no good, yet Copies ſhall;
Being through the Nation ſcatter'd,
'Twill deleud men, whoſe Wits are ſhatter'd.
A Whig ſhant ſpeak or look awry,
But I on him will have a Spy;
Who will take care it ſhall be ſent
To me, to put it into Print.

FINIS.